

*The Historie of*

A poore vnminded outlaw sneaking home,  
My father gaue him welcome to the shore :  
And when he heard him sweare and vow to God,  
He came but to the Duke of *Lancaster*,  
To sue his liuery and beg his peace,  
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale :  
My father in kind heart and pittie mou'd,  
Swore him assistance and perform'd it too.  
Now, when the Lords and Barrons of the realme,  
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him,,  
The more and lesse came in with cap and knee.  
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,  
Attend him on bridges, stooode in lanes,  
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their othes,  
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,  
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,  
He presently as greatnesse knowes it selfe,  
Steps me a little higher then his vow  
Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,  
Vpon the naked shore at *Rauenspurgh*  
And now forsooth takes on him to reforme  
Some certaine edicts, and some straight decrees  
That lie to heauie on the common wealth,  
Cries out vpon abuses, seemes to weepe  
Ouer his Country wrongs, and by this face,  
This seeming brow of iustice, did he winne  
The hearts of all that he did angle for ?  
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads  
Of all the fauourites that the absent king  
In deputation left behind him here,  
When he was personall in the *Irish* warre.  
*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to heare this.  
*Hot.* Then to the point.  
In short time after, he depos'd the King,  
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,  
And in the neck of that, task't the whole state:  
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman *March*,  
(Who is, if euery owner were plac'd,

*Henry the fourth*

Indeed his King, to be ingag'd in  
There without rancome to lie for  
Disgrac'd me in my happy victorie  
Sought to intrap me by intelligence  
Rated my Vncle from the Counsell  
In rage dismisde my Father from  
Broke othe on oth, committed warre  
And in conclusion, droue vs to see  
This head of safetie, and withall to  
Into his title; the which we finde  
Too indiret for long continuance

*Blunt.* Shall I rerurne this answer?

*Hot.* Not so, *Sir Walter*. Weele  
Goe to the King, and let there be  
Some suretie for a safer returne againe  
And in the morning early shall we  
Bring him our purpose; and so far

*Blunt.* I would you would accept

*Hot.* And may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.* Pray God you doe.

*Enter Archbishop of Yorke*

*Arch.* Hie, good *Sir Michell*, be  
With winged haste to the Lord  
This to my coosen *Scroope*, and all  
To whom they are directed. If you  
How much they doe import, you

*Sir Mi.* My good Lord, I gesse

*Arch.* Like enough you doe,  
Tomorrow, good *Sir Michell*, is a  
Wherein, the fortune of ten thousand  
Must bide the touch: For *Sir*, at *Shrewsbury*  
As I am truly giuen to vnderstand  
The King with mighty and quick  
Meetes with Lord *Harry*; and I feare  
What with the sicknesse of *Northumberland*  
Whose power was in the first prop  
And what *Owen Glendowers* absence  
Who with them was rated firmly

*Indecide*